The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

COMPLAINT OF THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

O why am I recall'd to life
Amid this cheerless gloom?
Each hundred flower, once perfume-rife,
Has hasten'd to its doom;
A while they blush'd, but soon decay
Had marked them for her own,
And their dead leaves the live-long day,
Around are tempest-blown.

But mine is not the fate of them,
O no, a drearer far!
The watchers of their naked stem
Were summer's sun and star,
While I, offspring of misery,
Spurn'd from that summer's lap,
Am tore'd to read my destiny
O'er desolation's map.

Thou god of day! who gav'st my form
This hue, ah! why so cold?
Wilt thou retire behind the storm,
And fringe its clouds with gold?
And leave me to their mockery,
And to their hateful shade?
Say wilt thou unrelenting see
Thus life's own colour fade?

The glimpses of thy languid sheen,
That greet my longing eye,
Are very "few and far between,"
They merely wake and die.
The dew-drop on my bosom lone
Is frozen in its birth,
No sound I hear but Nature's moan—
How different from mirth!

Chill falls the farewell "yellow leaf,"
From yon tall forest-pride!
Its stay upon my breast is brief
Before it travels wide;
It reminds me of the hand of death,
When laid on human arm,
The harbinger of wasted breath!
The icy grave's alarm!

Then welcome, welcome, token sad
Of fell decay, once zephyr-stirr'd,
For tired of time, I hail thee glad
As yonder South-bound bird:
Rude Boreas howls my requiem,
Fond stem, I haste away,
They call'd me Earth's last, only gem,
But yet, I may not stay. J.

FINE ARTS.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS.—These illustrations, from the *burines* of *William and Edward Finden*, have afforded us a rich pictorial treat. In the first four parts, now before us, we have manifest proof of the very high rank these gentlemen take in their profession.

Jerwn, drawn by Daniell, engraved by W. Finden, is a bold and masterly scene,—fit haunt for smugglers and men of "desperate fortune." The sea, in this plate, is a chef d'œuvre, and the whole is executed in a very superior style.

Windermere, engraved by the younger brother from a drawing by Westall, is an exquisite plate; the lights and shades are well preserved; while the 'blue waters of the lake' recal to our memory the liveliest recollections of—'sweet Windermere.'

Distant view of Skiddaw.—This plate, by E. Finden, from a drawing by Dewint, is a noble representation of the mountainous scenery of Cumberland. The perspective of the *Skid* and his brother *Saddleback* are exceedingly well managed, especially when we recollect that the former is 3636 feet above the level of the sea. The rainbow in this plate has a very pleasing effect.

Mirkwood Mere, drawn by Barrett, engraved by E. Finden. We have in this plate all the romantic beauty of highland scenery in an autumn evening—mountains, woods, water of 'silvery sheen,' and all the grandeur which characterises the country of 'fair Scotia.'

The Tolbooth, Edinburgh, engraved by the same artist, from a painting by Nasmyth. This ancient pile, which was used till lately as a place of incarceration for debtors and criminals, stood in the centre of the High Street. The Scottish Parliament was formerly held here;—the whole was removed, with the mass of buildings in which it was incorporated, in 1817. The stones which composed the gateway, now decorate the entrance of the kitchen court at Abbotsford.

London from Highgate, drawn by Barret, engraved by E. Finden. The effect produced by this plate is good; from the vista of Highgate Hill is seen the 'antiente citie' of Cocaigne. The view from this spot is well known to be very fine: St. Paul's, that memorial of priestly pride, is seen to good advantage in the distance, while on the right, looking across 'Old Thames,' you may almost fancy the Surry Hills. The whole of this plate is good; the light on the road and on the trees on the right is finely given. F.D.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

CALMUCK COURTSHIP.—The women ride better than the men. A male Calmuck on horseback looks as if he was intoxicated, and likely to fall off every instant, though he never loses his seat; but the women sit with more ease, and ride with extraordinary skill. The ceremony of marriage among the Calmucks is performed on horseback. A girl is first mounted, who rides off at full speed. Her lover pursues, and if he overtakes her, she becomes his wife, returning with him to his tent. But it sometimes happens that the woman does not wish to marry the person by whom she is pursued, in which case she will not suffer him to overtake her; and we were assured that no instance occurs of a Calmuck girl being thus caught, unless she has a partiality for her pursuer.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

FAIRY MUSIC.

Hark! the fairy music ending,
Softly, softly,
Fades o'er the sea:
With the distant waters blending,
Light as moonbeams there descending,
Light as fairy sounds may be!

Now it murmurs on entrancing;
Nearer, nearer,
The sweet notes stray:
Now like foam on wave-tops dancing,
Or young hopes on Love's dream glancing,
It melts in air away, away!

PRINCELY AND AMBASSADORIAL LIBERALITY.—When the Marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, about the year 1338, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were shod, not with iron, but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out, they belonged to those who found them. It is well known, that an ambassador from England to France once indulged in a similar extravagance, to exhibit his opulence and generosity, having had his horse shod with silver shoes so slightly attached, that by curvetting the animal, they were shaken off and allowed to be picked up by the populace.—*Beckmann's Invent's.*

TARGUMS.—The Targums of the Jews originated in the necessity of translating the scriptures into a language understood by the people. The word Targum signifies the translation of a book from one language into another, and is applied by the Jewish Rabbins to the translation of the sacred writings from Hebrew into any other language, as Chaldee, Syriac, Persic, or Greek. There are several Targums, but the two principal ones were those of *Onkelos* and *Jonathan*. The first by Onkelos, is a very literal translation of the five books of Moses into pure Chaldee, and was probably written prior to the Christian era; the latter is also a paraphrastic translation of all the prophets, and of several historical books, into pure Chaldee, but not so elegant as the former, nor written at so early a date.—*Townley's Hist. of Bible.*

CHARACTERISTICS.—In new colonies, the Spaniard begins by building a church, the Englishman by building a tavern, and the Frenchman by building a ball-room.—*Chateaubriand.*

SPANISH VENERATION OF CERVANTES.—If enthusiasm for the work of Cervantes had not been the motive of my passing the gates of Toledo, I should not have been permitted to pass them at all. This may seem an enigma; but its explanation is to be found in the pride which every Spaniard feels in Cervantes, and his immortal work. I had no passport to go beyond Toledo, having intended to return to Madrid; and when I applied to the dispenser of passports for permission to cross the mountains to La Mancha, my request was met by a direct refusal. 'But,' said I, 'my only object is to visit a country hallowed by the genius of Cervantes; I am going to travel in the footsteps of Don Quixotte.' Instantly the man's face relaxed; he could not resist the compliment paid to his country. 'See,' said he, turning to his companion, 'how these English venerate our Cervantes!' and my passport was immediately made out, and delivered to me with the air of a man who receives rather than confers a favor.—*Englishman's Mag.*

PLEASURE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

"Light flitting Butterfly,
Dancing on merrily,
Whither so heedlessly
Still dost thou flee?
Waste not thy passing hour,
Roving from flower to flower,
But in this rosy bower
Rest thee with me."

"O no! I flit along
Light as the lover's song,
All my life's joys are sprung
From liberty.
Thou would'st but chain my wing,
And thy spell o'er me fling,
Making me in my spring
Weary like thee!"

FEMALE PERFORMERS.—The following, of the date of 1629, is the earliest notice of women actors; and it is not impossible that the poor French people were indebted to this offence against usage for their brutal reception, and their subsequent abuse by Prynne. It is an extract from a letter preserved in the library at Lambeth, and was probably addressed to Laud:—"Furthermore you should know, that last daye certaine vagiant French players, who had been expelled from their owne countrey, and whose women did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all vertuous and well-disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tonge, at the Black-fryers. Glad I am to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so as I do not think they will soon be ready to try the same againe. Whether they had license for so doing, I know not; but I do know, that if they had licence, it were fit that the Master (of the Revels) be called to account for the same." The ill success of this experiment seems to have deterred all French actors for some years; but, in 1635, another company arrived, and were better received; the Queen's theatre was resigned to their use 'the two sermon days' throughout Lent, and within a month they were enabled to open a theatre of their own. How long they continued here is not known. There is reason to believe, that at the same time, a Spanish company was performing here.—*Collier's Hist. of Dram. Poetry.*

SCENERY OF COCHIN CHINA.—One of the most striking objects in Cochin Chinese landscape is, the little religious groves which are here and there interspersed among the villages, and commonly near the burying-places. Of these, we saw many in the course of this day's excursion. They are of a circular form, and consist of a variety of thick and umbrageous trees. A single entrance conducts, by a winding passage, to the centre of them, where there is an open space, and one or more little temples, or rather rude altars. These retreats are consecrated to the manes of the dead, and their gloom and solemnity render them well suited to this purpose.—*Crawfurd's Embassy.*

BURNS.—The extreme vivacity and elasticity of Burns' imagination made him full of eloquence when excited in conversation by any one whose apparent sympathy won his confidence. He was sometimes a little too violent, which habitual intimacy with more educated ranks would have corrected. The same qualities which gave him all the fire and tenderness of the muse, caused alternately his happiness and his sufferings, in his daily intercourse with life. His raptures were never feigned: he always looked upon earth and its scenery and existences, and all the changing hues of nature and the heavens with a poet's eye.

It was a serene autumnal afternoon when I sat at his table, but as evening began to close in, the wind arose, and at night we heard the squall over the roof and among the trees. I observed by Burns' countenance that his mind worked so, as I predicted must by middle age exhaust any frame. Intervals of languor were even then apparent.

Burns was a sort of male coquet; his desire to please women and to gain their notice never slept; and on this subject he betrayed too much vanity in his conversation. He found beauty in many of those to whom he paid attention, which was solely created by his own imagination. His earnestness of manner, and the power of his eye, made him a general favourite with females. Many of his songs were on the lips and in the heart of every Caledonian nymph. The knowledge of this fact seemed to please him more than any other object of his ambition.—*Cleering's Autobiography.*

ABUSE OF GREAT NAMES.

Say where those names which set the world on fire—
Where does the pride of Greece and Rome retire!
Hector's dread name now marks the butcher's dog,
Cato keeps sheep, and Brutus drives a hog;
Look ye for Pompey, search the tanner's yard;
You'll meet with Cæsar in yon orchard guard;
But rivals still in fame unknown to years,
A bone unpick'd shall set them by the ears.
See Scipio, bolt of war, the bull essay,
While Nero, blood-hound still, makes man his prey:
Thus fares it with renown—no Gods can claim
One jot of reverence to their sacred name;
Juno, Mars, Venus, lap-dogs now and bitches,
With mangy coats, are drown'd, and float in ditches.

MARK MID A TEE.—A German gentleman having made a purchase of a thousand bags of coffee, directed the Irish porter of the mercantile house to which he was consigned, to mark the coffee with the initial of his paternal name (D.) The pronunciation, however, was unfortunate for the supercargo; "mark him," said he, "mid a Tee." "Yis, your honor," replied Pat, and immediately stamped every bag of the precious product of the South with the letter T. The irritated German lost all his wonted good humor at seeing the blunder, and as the lookers on were convulsed with laughter, the following dialogue took place:

D.—"Mr. Padrick!—Mr. Padrick! did I not dolt you for mark him mid a Tee?"

Paddy.—"Plaze your honor, and is'nt that a Tae?"

D.—"No! Mr. Padrick, I dolt you to mark him mid a Tee!"

Paddy.—"By my shoul, sir, and there's not never a mother's son upon this spot here, barrin it be Mister O'Flanagan, and he's gone home till Ireland, that can make a better Tae, with a hair brush, than you ones, and bad luck to yourself and all your kin-folks, take that."

So saying, the indignant son of Erin walked off, swearing that he could mark coffee-bags as well as any thundering Dutchman.

GLASGOW.—In the whole populous district of Glasgow, containing by the last census 402,426, there have been reported, since the 12th of February last, to the 24th of July, 2,286 cases of cholera! of which number 1,141 persons have died—that is only one more than the half. Since the 12th of February, there have intervened 163 days—so that for the whole period there have occurred, at an average for each day, 14 attacks and 7 deaths.—*July, 1832.*

will that I should kick this monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given. The young man immediately rewarded the assiduities of the monk by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1832

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

LETTER III.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 14, 1831.

My Dear A.—The distance from Buffalo to Fredonia is about 45 miles; the road, which runs a part of the distance on the beach of Lake Erie and thro' the Cattaraugus woods, is, particularly at this season of the year, extremely bad—in consequence of which I took passage in a steamboat which plies daily between Buffalo and Dunkirk; the latter place distant only 1 1-2 miles from Fredonia—a village on the main post road to Cleveland. At the entrance of the harbour of Dunkirk, which appears to be a very secure one, is a Light-house; and the village, yet in its infancy, promises to do its proportion of the business in this section of the country. Fredonia is partially lighted with Gas, which was discovered in the bed of the river, at one extremity of the village, and was conveyed into a Gassometer by boring about 50 feet into a rock. From this source about 40 lights are furnished, at $1.50 per annum each. Undoubtedly, with a little expense, the quantity might be materially increased. From Fredonia to Westfield is 15 miles. Portland Harbour is about 1 mile distant, the Light-house at the entrance of which is lighted with Gas procured upon the spot. Fredonia and Westfield take great interest in the projected rail-road from some point on Lake Erie to the Hudson river, near New York, passing through the southern tier of counties, over a country, I am informed, peculiarly favourable for its construction, and opening for settlement a vast amount of good land, now uncultivated, only in consequence of its distance from a market. The inhabitants are also sanguine that a rail-road will be constructed to Buffalo, and thus open to them *two markets* at all seasons of the year. From Westfield to Erie, Pa. is a distance of 36 miles: this is a promising town, with a good harbour and light-house.—From Erie to Elkcreek 16, Salem 14, Ashtabula 15, Unionville 15, Painesville 14, Chagrin 10, and Cleveland 22—in all 107 miles; and over a road at almost all seasons of the year good. Even now, after a great deal of rain, the road from Fredonia to Cleveland (150 miles), is better than any other of equal distance in the State of New York—except the ridge from Rochester to Lewiston; this is also on a ridge, and a natural road. The small villages in Ohio which I have named appear to be all flourishing.—Painesville is on the Grand River, which at Fairport, three miles distant, forms one of the best harbours on the Lake. The county of Geauga abounds in iron ore, and there are several very extensive founderies on the river, which export a large amount of stoves and other castings to Buffalo and other places in the State of New York. From Painesville to Chagrin is 10 miles of as pretty upland as I have ever seen, with large and handsome brick and well-painted two story wooden farm houses, and extensive orchards on each side of the road. If Ohio generally is equally fertile and as prosperous as the portion I have thus far passed over appears to be, it is destined to contain an immense population, and to support them in independence. Your friend, E.

DUNLAP'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Second Notice.

We have much pleasure in recurring to this very interesting volume, and have selected a few of its many 'good and clever things,' which we lay before our readers:—

To ascertain the reception of a comedy written by Mr. Dunlap in his 22d year, it was necessary he should have frequent interviews with John Henry, the New York Manager, 1785. Calling on him one day, "I was ushered into his chamber by Mrs. Henry, and found him extended on a field-bed and apparently unable to rise. His gigantic figure (full 6 feet in height) appeared larger than ever, his face was flushed with fever, and the lower part covered by beard. His disease was gout, and he occasionally expressed his suffering, but spoke cheerfully, and even jocosely. The same evening he played the Youthful Lover in the Clandestine Marriage, and his morning visiter saw him in apparent health and elegantly apparelled, while his brother manager Hallam, a harlequin in activity, represented Lord Ogleby, a character he had seen performed by King at Drury Lane, and mimicked those twitches and excruciating pains which Henry, feeling in reality, covered with the mask of apparent ease and enjoyment. Such is one picture of theatrical life, and by no means the most extraordinary.

Henry was the only actor in America who kept a carriage. It was in the form of a coach, but very small, just sufficient to carry himself and wife to the theatre; it was drawn by one horse and driven by a black boy. Aware of the jealousy towards players, and that it would be said he *kept a coach*, he had caused to be painted on the doors, in the manner of those coats of arms which the aristocracy of Europe display, *two crutches* in heraldic fashion, with the motto, '*This or these.*'"

Of an actor in Henry's company the following is related; the hint may be useful to popular comedians even in the present day.

Wignell.—"He was a man below the ordinary height, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; he was athletic, with handsomely formed lower extremities, the knees a little curved outwards, and feet remarkably small. His large blue eyes were rich in expression, and his comedy was luxuriant in humour, but always faithful to his author. He was a comic actor, not a buffoon. He was a clown who did not speak more than was set down in his part. The vice of impudently altering and adding to an author has always existed and is increasing in proportion to the increase of our theatres and the decline of the drama. In proportion as plays are worthless, players will foist in their own nonsense to amuse the auditors of worthless plays; but if the drama is to be supported or revived, the practice must meet the reprehension of managers and audiences. Mr. Wignell's taste was too good to permit his falling into such an error."

Origin of the Theatrical term "H. M. Servants."—"In the time of feudal barbarism, the musician, the poet, and the player could only be protected from the violence of the robber-baron by becoming the servant of the baron-robber, or of his liege lord the king. This is the origin of the honourable distinction enjoyed by the players of the London and other licensed English theatres. The barons no longer entertaining minstrels, or trouvers, or histrions, or jongleurs (jugglers), or players, and the law considering the unpatronised artist as a vagabond, the king became sole master of the players, and all established theatres were theatres royal."

First American-born Male Actor.—In the winter of 1790, John Martin, "a youth induced by habits of idleness, and the applause bestowed upon his recitations by his idle companions, abandoned the profession chosen for him, and leaving his native place, New York, made his debut as Young Norval, on the stage of Philadelphia. He was favourably received, and his destiny sealed. His friends had intended him for the profession of the law, but what he thought a life of pleasure had allurements which caused their disappointment. He was of fair complexion, middle height, light figure, and played the youthful characters of many tragedies and comedies in a style called respectable, but mere respectability in any of the fine arts is ever associated with mediocrity. He continued for some years a useful, though not a brilliant actor. He laboured hard, lived poor, and died young. Such is the lot of hundreds who see only pleasure in the profession of a player; a profession requiring splendid talents and assiduous application; and if adopted by one who cannot attain distinction, he is doomed to labour and privations, too often ending in low dissipation, disease, neglect, and early death. Labour and privation is the lot of the player who possesses distinguished talents and public favour, but the portion of the drudges of a theatre, the pawns of the chess-board, is little short of a sealed doom to a life of poverty, and if not redeemed by private virtues, of degradation."

American Actors in Private Life in 1792.—"Those who now see actors moving in society like other men, at least in appearance, dressed as others dress, having the same fashions, manners, and behaviour as their fellow-citizens, and not to be distinguished from them by the outside, can hardly conceive the difference which then existed between these recruits to the American company and the townsfolk in all these particulars. Long after others wore their hair short and of nature's colour, Hodgkinson had powdered curls at each side, and long braided hair twisted into a club or knot behind! Instead of pantaloons and boots, breeches and stockings and shoes. This costume, with his hat on one side, and an air and manner then known by the appellation of theatrical, marked him among thousands. King displayed his fine person in another, but equally marked manner. West usually appeared in boots and leather breeches, always new, and three gold laced buttonholes on each side of the high, upright collar of a scarlet coat. While Robins, a very tall and large framed young man, in addition to the gold laced collar, wore three gold hat-bands."

West, known as the leather-breeches beau (dandy was then unknown), "soon involved himself in debt, and being arrested by the breeches-maker for six pair of leather breeches, sent to Mr. Gaine, who still printed the play-bills, though no longer at the Bible and Crown, but only at the Bible, to request bail, as the prisoner's name was in the bill for that night. The old gentleman took off his spectacles and exclaimed, 'Six pair of leather breeches! Why I never had one pair in my life! Six pair! Why how many *legs* has the fellow got?'"

Bartram, the American Botanist.—"Arrived at the Botanist's Garden, we approached an old man who, with a rake in his hand, was breaking the clods of earth in a tulip bed. His hat was old and flapped over his face, his coarse shirt was seen near his neck, as he wore no cravat or kerchief; his waistcoat and breeches were both of leather, and his shoes were tied with leather strings. We approached and accosted him. He ceased his work, and entered into conversation with the ease and politeness of nature's noblemen. His countenance was expressive of benignity and happiness. This was the botanist, traveller, and philosopher we had come to see."

In 1799 there was a standing law at the New York Theatre, which prohibited performers during the time of exhibition from encumbering the wings and impeding the carpenters. One of the company (John D. Miller, afterwards alderman) "was in the habit of breaking the law by gliding from his dressing-room and placing himself in the carpenter's gallery. Mr. George Conckiin, long the head carpenter, found it necessary to exert his legal authority, and expel the embryo alderman from the premises. Miller submitted. But, when he on his benefit night became master of the house, and lord of the ascendant, he thought that he had an opportunity for retaliation. Concklin had a key which admitted him from the carpenter's gallery into the upper boxes; by this means he could in a moment pass from the scene of labour to that of enjoyment, and could see the effect produced by the machinery he superintended. Miller had observed this, and on his night, seeing Concklin pass into the boxes, without having locked the door after him, the alderman followed and ordered him triumphantly, by virtue of the regulation which made the house his, to retire from his seat of ease and light, to the region of labour and darkness. Concklin obeyed the law, and passed the door to his own domain; but as the actor, in all the pomp and embroidery of his assumed character for the stage, was following, the carpenter suddenly closed the door in his face, and the key being inside, locked him in that portion of the house he had claimed as his own. This passed in the upper region, and the alderman had no resource but to descend through his congregated friends, as they were crowding to the boxes, then by the front door to the street, and through the admiring boys and coachmen, until he could gain an asylum behind the scenes again, by means of the dark and dirty passage of Theatre Alley."

William Twaits, of the Philadelphia Theatre.—"Neither his style of playing, nor his face or person was like any other individual on or off the stage. Short and thin, yet appearing broad; muscular, yet meager; a large head, with stiff, stubborn, carroty hair; long colourless face, prominent hooked nose, projecting large hazel eyes, thin lips, and large mouth, which could be twisted into a variety of expression, and which, combining with his other features, eminently served the purposes of the comic muse. Such was the physiognomy of Wm. Twaits. Yet Twaits seriously thought that his features were fitted for tragedy, and that he only wanted height to be like John Kemble. * * He had probably been *his own master* and adviser from childhood, and was at this time a very young man. Besides, he was encouraged in thinking himself a tragedian, as he had been the Richard and Romeo of many a barn, when he had the promise of the highest salary in the company, nine shillings per week, and was obliged to be content with two-and-sixpence; when he feasted upon a hog's-heart and vegetables (cost ninepence, baking a penny) for a week; when he was the best dressed man in the theatre, owing to his making one clean shirt serve for two nights' playing. He had played every thing, but he was only fitted for comedy—and for that he was eminently fitted."

From the above selections it will be seen, that Mr. Dunlap is a great observer of human nature,—for actors, plays, prompters, play-houses, scenes, "fiddlers," lawyers, botanists, physicians, are all made to appear in his dramatic history: his style, also, is *piquant*, and he seems to write with fun in one eye and satire in the other.—The work will no doubt meet (as it deserves) an extensive sale; and in our perambulations we expect to see Messrs. Simpson & Hamblin, on their daily roads to rehearsal, with the play for representation under one arm and Mr. Dunlap's work under the other.—No theatrical library can be complete if wanting Dunlap!

F. D.

Omnibusses.—Every month produces some improvement in these useful accommodations. Evan Jones has just started a new one, of elegant appearance. We think these enterprizing proprietors of public accommodation deserve every encouragement.

Treasury of Knowledge and Library of Reference—published by *James Conner.*—This work originated with Saml. Maunder of London: the first American edition, now before us, has been adapted to this country, and many essential additions made, while other parts have been re-written by several gentlemen whose names are a sufficient guaranty of their ability. *The Treasury of Knowledge* is a work of most extensive information, respecting commerce, study, law, grammar, and lexicography; it contains also Statistical Tables, including Balbi's Population of the World; a Chronological and Historical epitome; a table of European Sovereigns from Charlemagne of France A. D. 768 to 1832, inclusive; a Classical and Law Dictionary; Interest Tables, &c. with a most useful list of Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral productions, with the names of the countries in which they are indigenous.

This volume is printed with a beautiful type, and on paper manufactured expressly for the work, and Mr. Conner, in his exertions for the production of this 'Treasury' has fully merited the patronage of that public which will prove by correspondent actions that talent shall not pass unrewarded. Of the engravings on wood by Mr. J. A. Adams, we shall only say that we supposed them to have been from steel plates, and without a close examination many will continue to believe them such. The second engraving is particularly well executed, and is the finest specimen ever produced in this country: the mantle of the English Bewick has fallen on the shoulders of Mr. Adams.

Tales of Glauber Spa.—*J. & J. Harper.*—These enterprizing publishers have just issued the above work, as an addition to their "Library of Select Novels," of which they form the 27th and 28th Nos.—The tales, eight in number, are from the pens of "American Authors." We are not furnished with the names of the writers, but think we shall not be wide of the mark if we fix on Mr. Paulding as the "literary culprit," perpetrating the "Introductory Letter of Sharon Clapp," and the tale of "Childe Roeliff's Pilgrimage;" the wit and good humoured satire is "Mr. P. all over." To whose credit shall we place "Le Bossu?" "we think—we presume—that is, we are almost certain," as Placide would say in Cinderella, that the writer must be a lady, and that lady—Miss Sedgwick! The getting up is even beyond the usual good style of Messrs. Harper; and we expect the work will not remain in a first edition only.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—On Wednesday evening was repeated the Spanish romantic drama of "The Compact, or the Bandit and the Bishop." Wallack as the Bandit played in his usual excellent style; his *forte* is decidedly the bold and heroic, and his representation of *Juan Baragas* was one of his best efforts. Keppel as the *Marquis* had but little to do, but that little he did well: his son, *Don Florez* (Nexsen) should speak out; in some scenes he was hardly audible. Placide's *Archbishop of Grenada* is worthy of the mitre, but—when did he play otherwise than well. Barry as the *Corregidor* exhibited the character with feeling—his fine manly figure showed to much advantage in this piece. Richings was a most consummate villain, and Wilkinson a pompous old Alcalde. Blakely's *Marco* was played with great spirit. Mrs. Sharpe's *Donna Isabel* was in her usual good style, while her daughter *Margarita* was represented with effect by Miss Smith. Of Mrs. Vernon as *Jacinta*—she is the best *Donzella* we have yet seen.

In the *Rent Day*, which succeeded, the characters were well represented. Mr. Simpson's *Silver Jack* deserves every praise; he is the most finished *artiste* of the "prigging system" that has yet appeared.

Opera.—The first representation of Rossini's *L'Italiana in Algieri* drew a crowded house. In this opera, Fornasari, as Mustapha, appeared to great advantage; indeed, he was the support of the piece.—Signor Monetti made his bow as Lindoro; we think his reception might have been more cordial, considering it was his first appearance in this country; it evidently threw a damp on his exertions,—and cannot be called a fair test of this gentleman's abilities.—Orlandi, as Thaddeus, shews good comic powers. The *Saccomani*, as Isabella, was far below the part as it should be played. The scenery, by Brigaldi, particularly the Turkish apartment (the first scene), is admirably painted; the music generally good, and well executed; and the costumes most splendid, and correct.

The Kembles, after reaping '*golden* opinions' from the Philadelphians, have returned to this city, and on Thursday evening appeared at the Park in the tragedy of Fazio.

Charles Horn and Miss Hughes made their appearance at the Chesnut-st Theatre on Monday evening, as the Prince and Cinderella. Their success in

the east was eminently successful. Of this fair vocalist, whose ability is only equalled by her graceful modesty, the opinions expressed in every place she has visited are of the most satisfactory nature; her music is given with taste and feeling, and (one of the surest proofs of real science) she considers equal attention necessary to every particular in the character which she may represent.

Forrest—our Forrest—is at Boston,—as is also that son of mirth, Finn—"Finn—every body's Finn."

CLINTON LUNCH.—Why is the Clinton Lunch like the natural year? D'ye give it up?—Because it contains every good thing in season! his

BILLY ✗ BLACK.
mark.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. II.

BOW-STREET.—*Jarman Clocks.*—Mr. King, of No. 5 Duke-street, Adelphi, was charged with an assault, battery, and false imprisonment, on the person of Wm. Bernard Shirtzinger. Mr. King is at least six feet high, broad, stout, and jolly in proportion; and Mr. Shirtzinger is about four feet nothing, an infirm old German clock-maker, in a little foxy bob-wig, much too little even for his little head.

About seven weeks ago, Mr. Shirtzinger was walking down St. Martin's Lane with a clock under his arm, tinging the bell of it as he walked, and looking anxiously around him for a customer. Presently up comes Mr. King, with all the importance which a man on good terms with himself knows so well how to assume: 'Hallo! you sir!' said Mr. King in a tone of voice which brought the Jarman to a standstill, 'what do you ask for your clock? but I suppose it won't go.' 'Dirty shillings, sare,' said Mr. Shirtzinger, with a bow as low as he could, 'and it will go beautifully,' for his honor was alarmed that Mr. King should imagine he would offer any but a perfect clock. 'Thirty shillings, eh?' said Mr. King, 'I'll give you twenty-eight!' 'Dat is too littel, sare,' replied Mr. Shirtzinger, 'but you shall have it,' he rejoined, 'for it is a beautifull clock.' 'Then bring it to my office, at No. 5 Duke-st., Adelphi, at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning, and you shall be paid for it,' replied Mr. King; and then he stalked off, leaving Mr. Shirtzinger very happy to think he had found so magnificent a customer for his 'beautifull clock.'

On the following morning, Mr. Shirtzinger took the clock to Duke-st., and found there a smart-looking office, lined with a desk, two stools, three big books, and a couple of saucy clerks, who, with a most official stare, demanded 'if he was the fellow that was to bring the clock?' On Mr. Shirtzinger answering in the affirmative, 'then that is the place to fix it in,' rejoined the clerk, pointing to an opening against the wall. Mr. Shirtzinger bowed, and fixed his clock in the place pointed out. 'That's a fine fellow,' said the clerk; 'Mr. King is not home, and you'll call to-morrow for the needful.' Mr. Shirtzinger did not much like this; but awed by the importance of the clerks, and the sight of the three big books, he bowed and withdrew. Next day he called again, and the next, and the next, for more than three weeks; but somehow or other Mr. King was never at home when he called; and, as he said, he began to think Mr. King was a '*pig-tail*.' At length, he set himself to watch for Mr. King—caught him, and asked him for the money for his nice Jarman clock. 'Aye, aye, very true,' said Mr. King, reconnoitering his pockets; 'here, my good fellow, here are five shillings for you. Call again to-morrow for the balance—I'm just going to the bank.' Mr. Shirtzinger looked at the five shillings, counted them, put them in his pocket, and walked away, convinced now that Mr. King was a '*pig-tail*.' He called again in the morning for the balance—but Mr. King was not at home; and he called again and again, for another three weeks, but Mr. King was never at home to him. On Wednesday last he had the good fortune to find Mr. King at home once more; but, at the same time, he had the bad fortune to be much ill used by Mr. King—for Mr. King, angry at being so pestered by a rascally old Jarman, shook him, and shoved him about the office, and called him all sorts of frightful names. 'He did use me most shameful,' said Mr. Shirtzinger, 'and after all mine batience, he did keep me brisoner in his office five-and-twenty minetes by mine own clock!' He did not pay him, however, even then; and Mr. Shirtzinger said, he had no doubt Mr. King was so angry with him, because the brewers brought two barrels of ale, and took it away again upon hearing the row.

Mr. King was rather too angry to make a regular defence to all this, neither did he say a word about the balance; but he declared that the old scoundrel came into his office and collared him—whereupon he shook him off as well as he could, and sent for an officer to take him into custody.

Whether the officer came when he did send for him, did not appear; and as a respectable witness substantiated Mr. Shirtzinger's statement of the assault, the magistrate ordered Mr. King to bail.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—*Striking Affection.*—William Nicholls, a coal-heaver, was charged with having grievously beaten his wife, Susannah, a very decent looking young woman, who swore that her spouse was in the constant habit of ill-treating her. And such was his general violence, that she felt it expedient to have him called to task for his conduct before a Magistrate.

"Oh now, Sue," exclaimed the defendant, "Oh now, Sue; tell the truth. Lord bless your Wuship, I loves that ere girl too well to hurt a hair of her head except for kindness—she knows I do; now don't you, Sue?"

"No, indeed, I do not;" retorted Sue, "your Wuship, he's always a falling out with me, as he says, for the sole pleasure of making it up again."

"Well," says Bill, "and does it not show as how I loves you?"—"Yes, it is pretty love indeed," said Sue, "to be always abusing me in this sort of way. I am come of respectable parents, your Wuship, although I have married a coal-porter; and I have made that man a good wife ever since we have been married."—"Of respectable parents," exclaimed the defendant in a fury, holding up his dirty jacket, "Why as for the matter of that, Sue, you might not have mentioned it. Your father, you know, was one of the same cloth. Why, your Wuship, her father was nothing more than a snob"—*A laugh.*

Magistrate. Well, never mind; but tell me what you have to say for using your wife in the manner you have done? "Why then your Wuship," said the defendant, "We had peas and beacon for supper."—*A laugh.*

Magistrate. Oh never mind your supper, but come to the assault. "Well but your Wuship," said Bill, "I can't get through without my supper. We were eating our peas and bacon for supper last night, when a very silly dispute arose about my poor sister, who is gone dead. Sue first give me a dab in the chops, and I then gave her one in return, and that is all."

A witness was called on behalf of the wife, whose evidence established her case, and Bill was ordered to find bail.

"Come forward, Ned and Jack, and bail me," said Bill to two of his brethren, who appeared in the Office. Ned and Jack came forward accordingly; and stated they would become answerable for Bill in "any sum" his Wuship might name. As however they were top-heavy, and reeled in his *Wuship's* presence very much, they were rejected, and Bill was locked up.

GLEANINGS.

A Lady's Stud.—The number of Arabian, English and other racers belonging to the Russian Countess Orloff Tshesmensky, amount to no less than 1,520. The grounds attached to the stud enclose a space of one thousand and eighty acres, and the number of grooms and labourers employed in it are four thousand three hundred and ninety-nine. The sum realized by the sale of horses is of considerable annual amount; and they are sold, not only on the spot itself, but in the regular markets, both at St. Petersburgh and Moscow. It lies near Bobrow, in the province of Waronese, on one of the Countess's estates, called Chrjenow; and was first set on foot by her father in the year 1778.

Sonnet to a Goose.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
Or wander wide, with flat and flabby feet,
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet:
If thy gay quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race;
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of some lady fair;
Or if, the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinion white besoil,—
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care;
But this I know, that thou wert very fine,
Season'd with sage, with onions, and port wine.

A Family.—In the papers of Great Britain it is customary to publish births. In one of these records we find the following announcement:—"On the 13th inst. Mr. Samuel Matthewson, sen. of Toberagnew, upwards of 70 years of age, had his 20th and 21st child born to him. The children (a boy and girl) with the mother are doing well."

A few days previous to a recent election a candidate for the office of sheriff was thus accosted by a neighbour—"Well, sir, I hope you may be elected, for I would rather be hung by you than any body else." "And I," replied the candidate, "would rather hang you than any body else."—*Eng. pap.*

Literature in the Scilly Isles.—The whole library of one of the Scilly Isles consisted, about a century ago, of the *Bible* and the *History of Dr. Faustus.* The island was populous; and the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjurer's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made and unanimously approved, that as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began in order to ascertain what these books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance for him to send them *another Dr. Faustus!*—*Penny Magazine.*

Antiquities.—On rooting up a tree lately in the woods of Boulazac, in the Dordogne, which had been blown down by a storm, there were discovered 411 pieces of coin of the size of a 15 sous piece; bearing on one side, three fleurs de lys with the date of 1612 or 1610, and the words Double Tournois; on the other sides was the effigy of Louis XIII. and the legend Louis XIII. R. de Fran. et Nava. V.—*French paper.*

Monument to Mr. Huskisson.—The inhabitants of Chichester have lately erected a splendid monument to the memory of the late Mr. Huskisson. It stands in the Cathedral, left of the entrance. Upon the pedestal we read the following inscription:—"To the memory of the Right Honourable William Huskisson, for ten years one of the representatives of this city in Parliament, which station he relinquished in 1823, when yielding to a sense of public duty, he accepted the office of being returned for Liverpool, for which he was selected, on account of the zeal and intelligence displayed by him in advancing the commercial prosperity of the empire. His death was occasioned by an accident near that town, on the 15th of September 1830, and it changed a scene of transport and rejoicing into one of general mourning. At the request of his constituents he was interred in the cemetery there, amid the unaffected sorrow of all classes of the people. Gifted with extraordinary natural abilities, he cultivated them with unabated application, and matured them by long reflection and experience. He wholly devoted himself to the service of his country, and was called to some of the highest offices in the state which he filled with honour to himself and advantage to the public. The inhabitants of Chichester and its neighbourhood, deeply lamenting his untimely loss, have caused this statue to be erected, in order that posterity may see their admiration of his talents and integrity as a statesman; and their respect for his private character.—Born 1770—Died 1830." The statue, large as life, is an excellent likeness. The position is that of a parliamentary orator. The drapery flows easy, and the figure is altogether graceful. It is sculptured in pure marble, by Carew, under the auspices of the Earl of Egremont.

THE ST. SIMONIANS.

This sect, or society, appears at length to have been brought under the notice of the legal authorities of Paris. The following article relates chiefly to the arraignment and trial of the heads of this profligate band:

"The history of the rise, progress, and nature of this infatuation has been often told, and is no doubt very generally understood. Absurd as its tenets seem, and impossible its objects, speculation appears to have found in it a subject for an immense deal of ingenious exercise, and, hitherto proscribed at the bar of criticism, the errors and monstrosities of the sect are now for the first time submitted to the test of municipal law, in which consists the whole interest of the law proceedings to which we are about to advert. It would be quite out of season here to review or repeat any portion of the discussion which has taken place upon the utility or morality of this institution, and with just such a glance, therefore, as is necessary to understanding the criminal prosecution of the heads of the St. Simonians, which is now going on, we shall dismiss the subject. The society then—or *Family* as they love to call themselves—derives its name, (but, it would appear, few of its tenets,) from a certain M. de St. Simon, an old enthusiast, who, after a long life of chequered fortune, died in Paris, somewhere about two years ago. St. Simon claimed to be of a very ancient family in Champagne, affected to trace his descent from Charlemagne himself, and seems to have had his head completely turned by personal vanity and family conceit. He had served in the American war of independence with Lafayette, lost the small share of his fortune which dissipation had spared by the *assignats*, then became a political pamphleteer, by which he gained little, and eventually committed suicide, by which he lost nothing, but was doomed to suffer a protracted and painful illness between that occurrence and his death. In these, his last moments of suffering, he appears to have projected, like the father of the Jesuits, the foundation of a new religious society. His opinions necessarily obtained but little diffusion during his life, but subsequently they afforded a basis and pretext for the *family*, which, under his name, are now made the defendants in a state prosecution in France.

The St. Simonian is an institution intended to be religious and social—their "organic statute" (a fashionable phrase) defining the objects to be to "found a new form of faith, and change the elementary principles of society." In pursuance of the first, they have repudiated every known ceremony and tenet of Christian belief, elected certain persons whom they call "Popes" or "Fathers," to be the oracles of the new wisdom, assuming a peculiar form of dress, and aimed at contrast in every particular which could give them notoriety and distinction from their fellow citizens. To carry into effect the second, and, it would seem the more important object, they have denounced all sort of property as an evil of which the possessor ought to hasten to get rid, protested against its descendible quality as unsocial and unfair, advised a community of goods, adjured all proselytes to bring their capital, however small, to their head quarters, and, in fact, taken a large concern, and set up an establishment of "mutual assistance" near Paris, where they have been trying, for some time past, to carry their extraordinary doctrines into practical operation. Besides these means, they sent missionaries from the brotherhood throughout France and into England, that country of gold," as they called it, bought up, for the better dissemination of their views, the *Globe*, a Parisian scientific weekly paper, for £1000—extorted donations by hook or by crook, principally from women—induced persons upon their death-beds to bequeath to them their property, to the prejudice of their children and relations—issued "labour notes" to a large amount—and, altogether, contrived, by such means, towards the end of 1831, and the beginning of 1832, to scrape together a capital of 300,000f. or £12,000 sterling.

The *family* thus enriched beyond the most sanguine hopes of the projectors, continued to extend itself without creating any other sensation in the public offices than contempt, when a schism between its leaders called the attention of government at once, and in an imperative way, to its malversations and its mischiefs. The "fathers" had split amongst themselves, and from the fissure and protruded certain awkward disclosures of the opinions of the St. Simonians respecting some of the most sacred obligations of civilized society. It was found that, besides a very equivocal latitude which the projectors had allowed themselves, as between them and the heads of the state, they had also broached opinions with respect to marriage, divorce, &c.; which were wholly incompatible with the received notions upon these subjects. In fact, they had contended for a community of participation in its most extensive sense, and by their loose doctrines had given offence universally to the moral portion of the community, whilst, on the other hand, their ranks continued to be filled by the young and dissolute, to whom the "religion," as it was called, proved an irresistible attraction. At the present time the "faithful" of the St. Simonians appear to consist of young men, apostles of thirty, and actresses, and other female aspirants to "scenic fame" of lesser age: and if the character of the "mutual assistance" society of France is to be judged of by the personal appearance of these patriarchs, it is clear that the old-fashioned obligations of monkish self-denial form no part of their constitutional ordinances.

The indecencies of the fraternity had been, by zealous persons, long before brought under the notice of the French Government; but from an unwillingness to prosecute, no formal interdict was entered to their future extension during the year 1831. At length the positive remonstrance of an unhappy widow, who was doomed to see the birth right of her children wasted upon these voluptuaries, excited the attention of Government, and a prosecution appears from that time to have been determined upon. The society are now, therefore, charged with "heresy, sedition, immorality, and fraud." The first applies to their religious tenets, though not subjected to formal prosecution; the second to their "assembling in numbers above twenty, to discuss political matters;" and the remainder to the tenor of their doctrines, and the means which they are said to have used to swell their coffers. The "fathers" have been nothing daunted by these appearances, but, on the contrary, with all the zeal of martyrs, gave the most public notice that upon the morning of trial, they would march to the Court in a formal way, and there challenge the law and its prosecutors to a conviction. Accordingly, on Monday morning last, forty of these young men dressed in a peculiar way, left their house, singing some description of songs, and proceeded, amid the jeers or pity of the spectators, to the Court of Justice. The costume which they wore upon the occasion was fantastical in a picturesque point of view, and it is said to be rather imposing; but the great symbol of the sect is the waistcoat, which seems intended, as well an outward sign of distinction, as to express a sentiment, for it appears to be so contrived that no member can unbutton it without the help of another—a sign of the usefulness and necessity of mutual assistance. Five only of the society have been inculpated, and these are principally editors of, or in some way connected with, the *Globe* newspaper. The prisoners have all avowed their guilt to the indictment, but have called their brethren to clear them as to the purity of their intentions. The Crown called no witnesses. A remarkable circumstance connected with the proceedings was, that *Pere* Enfantin claimed to be defended by two women, which was fortunately refused, and at which we rejoice, for the sake of our reporting brethren—for what stenography could avail against the volubility of female advocacy? And, to sum up, the defendants, after pleading guilty to all that was charged against them, only claimed the right of examining their witnesses as to character.

The Jury found all the prisoners guilty, and the Court sentenced Enfantin, Duveyrier, and Chevalier to one year's imprisonment and a fine of one hundred francs; but the other two, who appeared to have ceased to hold connection with the Society for a considerable time preceding, a fine of 50 francs each only. The Court decreed also the immediate dissolution of the Society itself. The result appears to have given satisfaction, as the matter was taken up at all, for an acquittal would have been an undesirable triumph for these miscreants. The chief actor, Enfantin, from whom the whole of the "family" took their tone, defended himself, and, in a speech of some length, avowed and attempted to justify the doctrines for which he was impeached. He also displayed great firmness at the last, and affected to receive the judgment with the humility of a martyr.—*Morn. Herald.*

SOPHRONIMOS;

A GRECIAN TALE.

Sophronimos was born at Thebes: his father, of an ancient family of Corinth, had left the place of his nativity to establish himself in the capital of Bœotia. While his only son was yet a child he died, and his wife, not long surviving him, Sophronimos at the early age of twelve was left a portionless orphan.

Of the many things of which he stood in need, he had only regretted his parents; the poor child would daily weep at their tomb, and afterwards return to the dwelling of a priest of Minerva, whose charity prevented him from starving.

One day, when walking through the city, the unhappy Sophronimos had lost his way, he entered a work shop belonging to the celebrated Praxiteles.—Charmed at the sight of so many beautiful statues, he gazed, he admired, and seized with an involuntary transport, he addressed Praxiteles with that innocent confidence which only belongs to infancy.

"Father," said he, "give me a chisel, and teach me to become a great man like yourself!" The sculptor looked at the lovely child and was astonished at the animation which shone in his eyes; he embraced him tenderly—"Yes, I will be your master," replied he, "stay with me, and I trust that in time you will surpass me."

The youthful Sophronimos, his heart filled with gratitude and joy, had no desire of leaving Praxiteles, but soon felt the germ of talent which nature had implanted in his soul rapidly expanding; and at eighteen the master would not have blushed to own the works of his pupil.

Unhappily about this period Praxiteles died, leaving by his will a tolerably large sum to his favourite pupil. Sophronimos was inconsolable at his loss; he took a dislike to Thebes, quitted his country, and employed his benefactor's legacy in travelling through Greece.

As wherever he went he bore with him that desire of instruction, and admiration of the sublime and beautiful, which had inflamed his mind even in childhood, he daily gathered improvement, and each masterpiece he beheld added something to his store of knowledge. The wish of pleasing gave a polish to his mind and manners; his modesty increasing with his acquirements, and always reflecting on what he was deficient in. Sophronimos at twenty was the most skilful as well as the most amiable of men.

Having resolved to settle in a large city, he chose Miletus, a Grecian colony on the coast of Ionia, purchased a small house, as also some blocks of marble, and prepared to make statues for his subsistence.

Renown, which is oftentimes so tardy an attendant upon merit, was not so towards Sophronimos. His works were held in great estimation, and soon his talents were the general theme of conversation. The youthful Theban, without permitting himself to be intoxicated with the praise so profusely bestowed upon him, only redoubled his efforts to remain worthy of it. Alone, in his dwelling, he dedicated the whole of the day to labour, and in the evening, as a relaxation, amused himself in reading Homer; this instructive pleasure elevated his soul, and furnished his genius with some new ideas for the work of the morrow.—Satisfied with the past, and prepared for the future, he returned thanks to the gods, and retired to enjoy repose.

This tranquility did not, however, last long; the only enemy that can rob virtue of peace, assailed our hero. Carite, the daughter of Aristos, chief magistrate of Miletus, came with her father to see the works of our youthful Theban.

Carite in beauty far surpassed the fairest maids of Ionia, and her mind was still lovelier than her face. Her father, Aristos, who possessed immense riches, had, since her birth, dedicated his whole time to her education: he had no difficulty in bending her mind towards virtue, and he lavished his treasures in order to give her every ornamental acquirement. Carite was sixteen, her wit was refined, her soul tender, her form enchanting, she thought like Plato, and sung like Orpheus.

Sopronimos on seeing her felt a confusion and emotions totally unknown. He bent his eyes on the ground, and never spoke so little to the purpose.—Aristos, attributing his embarrassment to respect, endeavoured to re-assure him. "Show us," said he, "your finest statue; I hear your praise from every mouth."—"Alas!" replied Sophronimos, "I had had the temerity to form a Venus, with which I was till now satisfied; but I perceive that I must make it once more." While saying these words he uncovered his statue, and threw a timid glance towards Carite. She had perfectly understood his meaning, and appeared to be occupied with the Venus, while her thoughts were really engaged on the young sculptor.

Aristos, after having admired our hero's works, departed, promising that he would soon visit him again; Carite on leaving him gracefully bade him adieu, and poor Sophronimos now perceived, for the first time, that his house appeared extremely solitary.

That evening he could not read Homer as usual, his whole mind was filled with Carite. The next morning, instead of attending his labours, he traversed the whole city in the hope of seeing her again. He was successful, and from that instant no more peace, no more study! his statues remained unfinished, and Apollo, Diana and Jupiter were no longer thought of. His mind ever filled with Carite, he now passed his whole time in the circus and public walks in the hope of beholding her, and when unsuccessful, he revolved a thousand plans, and determined with the next dawn to put them in execution.

At length his perseverance, joined to his celebrity, gained him an introduction to Aristos' house. He was allowed to converse with Carite, and became still more enamoured; but how could he ever dare to reveal it? how could a sculptor, without fortune or friends, have any pretensions to the hand of the wealthiest damsel of that city? Carite was too rich for a poor youth to notice her beauty. Sophronimos knew all this, and that if he declared himself he was lost; but he must either comply with the irresistible impulse, or expire with grief. He wrote to Carite. This letter, couched in the tenderest, the most submissive, the most respectful terms, was confided to one of Aristos' slaves, to whom our hero gave all the little money he possessed, to ensure his secrecy; but the treacherous confidant, instead of giving it to Carite, carried it to her father.

The indignant Aristos, after having read it, for the first time, abused the authority his situation gave him; he accused Sophronimos in the council of crimes which the youth had never dreamed of, and caused him to be banished from the city.

Meanwhile the unfortunate Theban with trembling anxiety expected the slave, and instead of seeing him, received an order to quit Miletus. He entertained no doubt, but that Carite, offended at his presumption, had herself solicited this vengeance—"I have deserved my fate," exclaimed he, "yet I do not repent,—Oh, ye gods! grant her happiness, and wreak over my head all the woes which might trouble her repose." Such was the enthusiasm of his passion, that without murmuring at the injustice of his sentence, his heart filled with grief, he proceeded towards the harbour, and embarked in a vessel bound to Crete.

Aristos thought it advisable to conceal from his daughter the real cause of Sopronimos' banishment. She, however, entertained doubts not far from the truth. Carite had long since read in the young Theban's eyes all that his letter would have revealed; she shed tears to the remembrance of a man whose love for her had proved so fatal; but Carite was very young, and soon our hero was forgotten. Aristos, on his side felt confident in the measures he had adopted, enjoyed tranquillity, and only occupied himself in seeking a suitable husband for his daughter, when an extraordinary event spread universal consternation throughout Miletus.

Some pirates from Lemnos surprised a quarter of the city, and before the inhabitants could take up arms, these miscreants pillaged Venus' temple, and even carried away with them the statue of that goddess. This statue was considered as the palladium of Miletus, and the prosperity of the Milesians depended on its possession.

The people, much alarmed, immediately sent ambassadors to Delphos, to consult Apollo. The Oracle answered that Miletus would only be in safety when a new statue of Venus, as handsome as the goddess herself, should have replaced the one they had lost.

The Milesians instantly published throughout Greece, that the fairest maid of Miletus, with four talents of gold, should be the recompense of the sculptor, who would fulfil the Oracle's condition. Several celebrated artists arrived with their works, which were exposed in the public square; the magistrates and the people were well satisfied with many of them; but as soon as the statue was placed on the altar, a supernatural power threw it down. The Milesians now began to regret Sopronimos, and with tears entreated that he might be sought.

Aristos himself now thought it necessary to gain some information of the ship in which the unhappy banished youth had embarked. All his endeavours were fruitless, and at length he was obliged to send to Crete, where the messenger learned that the ship with all its crew had perished near the island of Naxos.

The Milesians, in despair, accused their magistrate of want of vigilance, to which cause they attributed the invasion of the pirates, and the loss of Sophronimos, whom they discovered he had unjustly banished. The people soon proceeded from murmuring to revolt; they surrounded his dwelling, and entered it by force: Carite's tears, entreaties, and lamentations were of no avail, they could not save her father: Aristos was seized, loaded with irons, and dragged to a dungeon, where the people declared he should remain until the statue of Venus was replaced.

Carite, in a state bordering on distraction, wished to go to Athens, Corinth, or Thebes, to seek for an artist who would restore her father to freedom. She first took every means in her power to soften his confinement, and left a confidential slave with him to administer to his wants. Somewhat tranquilized by these proceedings, she caused a ship to be fitted out for her, loaded it with treasures, and departed on her search.

The three first days of her navigation were very favourable; and it seemed as if the winds had taken her under their protection; but suddenly a tremendous storm arose, and the ship was violently assailed with contrary blasts, which forced the pilot to seek a refuge in an unknown creek. They had not long remained stationary, when the storm ceased, the sun returned, and Carite invited by the beauty of the weather, went on shore to refresh herself for a few hours, from the fatigue she had experienced at sea. On landing, she seated herself on the turf, and soon a gentle slumber made her insensible to her afflictions. She, however, soon awoke, and perceiving that her slaves were still fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, determined not to disturb them, but ventured to walk alone on the sea-shore, and having a wish of exploring a part of this uninhabited island, proceeded onwards beyond the rocks that defended it from the intrusion of the waves.

Soon a delightful valley met her view, crossed by two small rivulets, and covered with fruit trees; struck with admiration, Carite stopped awhile to gaze on the beauty of the prospect. Nature was then clothed in the lovely garb of spring; all the trees were in bloom; their leaves were still dripping from the past storm, and the sun while warming them with its rays, seemed to cover their branches with drops of crystal. The butterflies rejoicing at the returning beauty of the weather, began to wander from flower to flower, and legions of bees buzzed about, not yet daring to cull honey, for fear of wetting their transparent wings. The nightingale and the linnet, recovered from their terror, made the air re-echo with their notes, while their tender mates, fluttered over the meadows in search of a blade of dried grass to form their new-built nest.

Carite after having remained some moments gazing on this spectacle, descended into the valley, and crossing the meadow, descried a small hut, surrounded with trees, the entrance of which was hidden from the view by an arbour; she approached, and listened to the murmuring of a stream which meandered at her feet; soon the notes of a lyre mingled with this pleasing sound; she lent an attentive ear to a voice that sang the following words to a plaintive air:—

Sad is the memory of pleasures past;
It steals upon the soul, as on the ear,
The mournful voice of Winter's stormy blast,
When sleep in dust the beauties of the year.
Gay were the dreams of hope, they cheered awhile
My glowing fancy, my weak heart,
Fleet is the brightest ray of Cupid's smile,
But everlasting is his smart.

The voice had not concluded, when Carite recognised through the trees the figure of Sopronimos, and instantly fainted. He had also perceived her, he flew and raised her in his arms, gazed on her, and could not credit his happiness; he bore her to the rivulet, and a few drops of water sprinkled on her lovely face soon restored her senses. "Are you Carite," exclaimed he, "or a divinity that has assumed her form?" "I am the daughter of Aristos," she mildly replied, "my father is in danger; you alone can save him." "Oh! speak," rejoined Sophronimos in a transport of joy, "say what I am to do, I will gladly expose my life, for his and your service."

Carite then related to him the manner in which he might be of essential service to her country, and rescue her father from impending danger. As she proceeded in her request, delight shone in the eyes of our hero. "Cease to fear," said he with dignity, "I have in that hut a statue, which I think will not fail to satisfy your gooddess, as well as your countrymen; it belongs to you, fair Carite, but I have a request to make, which is, that you will not look at it, until it is placed in the temple at Miletus."

Aristos' daughter readily consented; Sophronimos related to her how he had alone escaped from the wreck, and that the box containing his tools had been cast ashore by the waves. He had found in the island, water, fruit, and marble. Alone in the hut which he had himself erected, he had devoted his time to forming the master-piece which was to deliver Aristos. "Come," added he, "and behold the asylum where I have long dwelt with no other companion than your image, which I constantly had before my eyes, and ever cherished in my heart."

Carite followed Sophronimos into his hut; every where she saw her name written; every where her initials were entwined with those of her lover. "Forgive me," said he, "if alone in this place, I dared to trace on the walls of my dwelling the sentiments of my soul; here I entertained no fear of being banished." These words made the tender Carite's eyes fill with tears; she looked at Sophronimos, and almost pressed the hand which held her. "Ah!" said she, "it was not I"—she did not conclude, but contemplated a statue which covered with a veil stood on a sort of altar: "let us hasten," continued she, "to join my slaves; that they may bear to the ship that master-piece which I am only to admire at Miletus; you will return with me; and whatever may be the event, we will no more part."

The overjoyed Sophronimos dared to raise Carite's hand to his lips, and did not meet with a repulse. They were preceeding towards the sea-shore when they were met by the slaves and sailors, who, alarmed at the absence of their mistress, had been seeking her for some time.

Carite ordered them to carry, carefully, the veiled statue on board their ship; she was obeyed; and Sophronimos bade adieu to his hut, but not without first returning thanks to the Sylvan deities who had protected him while in that asylum. He placed all his tools on the altar where the statue had stood, and consecrated them to Pan; then respectfully kissing the threshhold of the door, "I shall return hither," he exclaimed, "to expire, if I am not permitted to live for Carite." After this farewell, they entered the ship, and steered towards Miletus.

Happily for Carite, who wished Sophronimos to have restored her father to liberty, before she acknowledged her affection, their voyage was not tedious; or, if it had proved longer, perhaps, the sculptor might have been recompensed by her avowal, before he had, by his actions, deserved it. By the prudence of Carite, and the respect of Sophronimos, aided by prosperous gales, they arrived at Miletus, without having broached the subject.

The name of our hero spread general joy throughout the city. The people, by whom he was beloved, assembled, and decided that the statue had no need of being examined previous to its experiencing the trial on the altar of Venus. All the inhabitants repaired to the temple, and as soon as it was crowded, Carite with faultering steps followed her lover, who advanced, bearing in his arms the statue covered with a veil. On his arrival, he placed it on the altar, with a modest, though confident air. The statue remained stationary. He uncovered it, and immediately all the spectators recognised the features of Carite. It was she, it was his beloved maiden, whom the sculptor had chosen for the model of his Venus! The portrait of Carite was so indelibly engraven in his heart, that far from her, in his desert island, he had been able to dispense with the original; and in making the resemblance, he had fulfilled the condition of the Oracle, who exacted a statue as handsome as Venus.

The goddess, satisfied, and void of jealousy, accepted the offering, and manifested her approbation by the mouth of her high-priest, and thus the oracle was accomplished. The people, uttering acclamations of joy, now surrounded Sophronimos, and entreated him to choose his recompense. "Restore Aristos to liberty," replied he, "and I shall consider myself amply repaid." All immediately fled to the prison of the old man; but Carite was desirous of being the first to break her father's chains. She embraced him, told him of her happiness, and blushing, bent her eyes on the ground, whenever pronouncing the name of Sophronimos. Aristos, his breast filled with gratitude asked for his liberator, threw himself into his arms and while tears fell on his furrowed cheek, exclaimed "My friend, I have been very guilty towards you, but Carite shall repair my crime." After having said these words, he joined the lovers' hands amidst universal acclamations of joy; all appeared to share their happiness, while our hero and heroine returned to the temple, and swore to each other eternal fidelity, at the foot of that statue, which so truly exemplified the beauty of Carite and the love of Sophronimos.

THE TALE OF THE GREEN TAPER.

By Francis Blanco White.

Among the unfortunate Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was a very rich farmer. As the object of the government was to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them time to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period. Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbours, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which, upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Morisco, deeply versed in the secret arts. The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter, whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of the Peninsula. Urged by the approach of poverty which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret intrusted to her, Fatima, and her daughter Zuleima, embarked in the vessel of a Corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by an occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means by which Fatima obtained a place for herself and daughter in the family then occupying her paternal house. Her constant endeavours to please her master and mistress succeeded to the utmost of her wishes: the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important and awful task of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on, the family moved to the first floor as usual; and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground-floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sun-set, Fatima, provided with a rope and basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound had a most startling effect in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour, and the melancholy peal of supplication followed for about two minutes. All now was still except the wind and rain. Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty the cold hands of her daughter out of her's, struck with a flint, and lighted a green taper not more than an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned close by the feet of the two females. "Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life!" said Fatima, "were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not entreat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps which you here see. Fear not, my love! there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father." "Mother," answered the tremulous girl, "I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop the moment I entered that horrible vault! Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my

body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!"

The vault was not much deeper than the girl's length; and, upon her slipping from one of the projecting stones, the chink of coins scattered by her feet restored the failing courage of the mother. "There, take the basket, child—quick! fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels.—I must not move the lantern.—Well done, my love! Another basket full, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for—yet the candle is long enough: fear not, it will burn five minutes. Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, out, Zuleima!—the rope, the rope!—the steps are on this side!"

A faint groan was heard—Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother searched for the chasm; but it was closed. She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!" The thick vault through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart freezing, thin, distant, yet silvery tone. Fatima lay one instant motionless on the flints, then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning!

The tradition of this catastrophe led to a report that the house was haunted; and it is still affirmed, that annually, in a certain night in December, Fatima is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter was buried alive, force her to sit over the vault with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts bywhich she now and then attempts to stop her ears, indicate that for an hour she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!"

THE DUKE DE REICHSTADT'S

FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIS GRAND-FATHER, THE EMPEROR FRANCIS II.

The reader will make what he can of the following statement. It comes from a London Journal:

A traveller plainly dressed and unattended, but whose air and manner bespoke him a man of rank, was seated in the common room of the Golden Sun, a tavern at Rambouillet, on the 15th of April, 1814; when a stripling of an interesting appearance entered, and drawing the host on one side, spoke to him with earnestness, bursting at the same time into tears.

Pity made the traveller forgetful of etiquette; he approached the young man, saying in a kind tone, 'What is the matter, Sir, why do you weep?'

'Let him alone,' said the host, 'The poor fellow is one of the Empress's pages, and he cries like a child, because they will not permit him to take a last look at his mistress; they will not suffer one of the Imperial household to approach her.'

The stranger made no reply, but he kept his eye fixed upon the page. In a few minutes, the latter departed, and our traveller followed, in the intention of consoling him. In effect he had, he believed, a means of entering the apartments of Marie Louise, and he meant to make the stripling the companion of his expedition. But in turning the corner of a street, he lost sight of him, and he pensively pursued his way to the chateau, reflecting on the vicissitudes of empires.

A master key admitted him to the gardens of the chateau. He stood for a moment contemplating a child who was playing with the sand in one of his walks. A lady was at some distance from him in a travelling dress, she was walking slowly and pensively: it was evident she was in tears. The lady looked up, the traveller saw he was discovered; he apologized for his intrusion, and offered to retire. The Comtesse de M. lady of honour to the Empress, would not permit it. 'Ah! Sir,' said she, 'talk not of etiquette in such a day as this; it is not you, nor such as you whom we would exclude. We are too happy to see a friendly face—to find a heart a little touched at our misfortunes. But time presses—tell me, I beseech you, if you know ought of the future prospects of my unfortunate mistress.'

The stranger tried to predict something consoling; he spoke cautiously, it was evident that he only allowed himself to look on the favourable side. The lady answered his arguments only with her tears. 'Yes, yes,' said she at length, 'they will separate us, and that child, that poor child, will be sent to die at Vienna.'

The child approached. The magnificence of his dress bore no testimony to his fallen fortunes; it was ornamented with brilliant buttons, brandebergs, and the most expensive furs: his little hands were full of sand.

'Poor Angel!' said the governess. 'One would almost think, Sir, that he has had all this morning a presentiment of his misfortune: he is so sad. He repulsed one of our ladies very rudely. I said to him: "You are no longer a king, Sire, and you ought to be polite to everybody." He looked at me for a long time: recollecting myself, I called him Monseigneur; he burst into tears.'

The stranger gazed earnestly on that child, whom he beheld as he then feared, for the last time. His high forehead, and the fair curling locks which did not cover it, belonged to Marie Louise; but the chin, and above all, the eyes were those of Napoleon.

'He is a glorious creature,' said the stranger with a deep sigh; 'it will cost you dear to part with him. If Madame, under the circumstances, I dared to ask you ——'

'To embrace him? Ah, Sir, pity for his fate would at this moment give that right to every Frenchman.'

The stranger stooped, the prince gravely presented him his little hand to kiss. Too deeply moved to think about etiquette, the stranger caught the little potentate in his arms, and imprinted upon his blooming cheek a kiss of unfeigned affection.

At that moment, the noise of a carriage entering the great gates of the chateau, made the lady of honour turn pale. The traveller assisted her to carry the prince round to the principal entrance. As they reached it, they saw three officers of the Holy Alliance descend from a plain carriage. At the same instant, the ex-Empress appeared at the head of the grand staircase, followed by some of her attendants. The child, who directly drew the attention of the visitors, burst into a laugh, and pointed with his finger at the eldest of the gentlemen, who advanced towards him.

He was a tall meagre personage, with a long narrow visage and powdered hair. He was dressed in the uniform of an Austrian officer, white lined with red, a black stock, and a cocked hat with a plume of black cocks' feathers. He stooped to embrace the young eaglet, who threw himself back, and screaming wild anger, returned the caresses of his admirer by the most vehement struggles to get away from him. Talk of the voice of Nature! it is evident that she is sometimes silent; for it was the grandfather of the illustrious child—it was Francis II. who embraced him.

One of the Emperor's attendant's advanced: he was a man of about forty, of a slender and graceful figure, and a countenance which, without being handsome, was rather attractive, particularly when he smiled. 'Metternich,' said the Monarch in an embarrassed tone, 'take charge of this urchin!'

As he approached the staircase where his daughter waited to receive him, Francis turned towards his other attendant; one of his Chamberlain's and Field-Marshal of the Empire. His left eye was covered with a bandeau, very unlike that of Cupid, notwithstanding which, he was destined to console the widow of Napoleon le Grand.

'A little spoilt, Albert, 'said the Emperor, 'it is generally the case with only sons.'

It was the Comte de Neipperg, who bowed as the Emperor addressed him.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

From the new Edition of Peveril of the Peak.

An extract from Waldron, who published a description of the Isle of Man a hundred years ago, gives us the following curious Manx tradition:

"They say, that an apparition, called in their language the Mauthe Doog, in the shape of a large black spaniel with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle, and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of all the soldiers, who at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit which only waited permission to do them hurt, and for that reason forbore swearing and all profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when all together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it; it being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through a church, they agreed among themselves, that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night, his fellow in this errand should accomany him that went first; and by this means, no man would be exposed singly to the danger; for I forgot to mention that the Mauthe Doog was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as the morning dawned, which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinary, laughed at the simplicity of his companions, and though it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavoured to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that Mauthe Doog would follow him, as it had done the others, for he would try if it were dog or devil. After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room: in some time after his departure, a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till the venturer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him, either to speak, or, if he could not do that, to make some signs by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only, that by the distortion of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in a natural death. The Mauthe Doog was, however, never seen after in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage, for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since, and I heard it attested by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me that he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head."

Upon this Sir W. Scott remarks: "It would be very desirable to find out the meaning of the word *Mauthe* in the Manx language, which is a dialect of the Gaelic. I observe, that Maithe in Gaelic, amongst other significations, has that of *active* or *speedy*; and also, that a dog of Richard II., mentioned by Froissart, and supposed to intimate the fall of his master's authority by leaving him and fawning on Bolingbroke, was termed Mauthe; but neither of these particulars tends to explain the very impressive story of the fiendish hound of Peel Castle."

The following is one of several fairy legends, quoted from the same old writer by Sir Walter in his illustration of Manx superstitions. As a proof of the reality of fairies, there was "a fiddler, who, having agreed with a person who was a stranger, for so much money, to play to some company he should bring him to, all the twelve days of Christmas, and received earnest for it, saw his new master vanish into the earth the moment he had made the bargain. Nothing could be more terrified than was the poor fiddler; he found he had entered himself into the devil's service, and looked on himself as already damned; but having recourse also to a clergyman, he received some hope; he ordered him, however, as he had taken earnest, to go when he should be called; but that whatever tunes should be called for, to play none but psalms. On the day appointed, the same person appeared, with whom he went, though with inward reluctance 'tis easy to guess; but punctually obeying the minister's directions, the company to whom he played were so angry, that they all vanished at once, leaving him at the top of a high hill, and so bruised and hurt, though he was not sensible when or from what hand he received the blows, that he got not home without the utmost difficulty."

London.—Considered in the aggregate, London comprises the city and its liberties, with the city and liberties of Westminster, the borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty of the contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surrey. The extent of this district is from east to west, or from Poplar to Kensington, near eight miles; its breadth from north to south is very irregular, and may be said to vary from three to four miles. The circumference of this immense congregation of buildings may be estimated at about twenty miles. The metropolis is computed to contain upwards of 60 squares, 12,000 streets, lanes, courts, &c.; and the whole formed by near 300,000 buildings of various descriptions, as public structures, churches, dwelling houses, warehouses, shops, &c. In the year 1377, London is said to have contained about 35,000 inhabitants. According to the census of 1801, London at that time contained 121,229 houses, inhabited by 216,073 families, making 864,755 persons. In 1811, it had increased to 1,099,104, and in 1821 to 1,225,964 persons. By the last census of 1831, it appears that a still further increase had taken place of no less than 248,105, thus making the present population of the metropolis 1,474,069. The number of oxen annually consumed in London has been estimated at 110,000, calves 50,000, sheep 800,000, lambs 250,000, hogs and pigs 200,000, besides animals of other kinds. Smithfield is the principal market for the above articles; and the total value of butcher's meat sold there annually is stated at 8,000,000*l.* There are, on an average, annually brought to Billingsgate market 2,500 cargoes of fish, of forty tons each, and about 20,000 tons by land carriage: in the whole 120,000 tons. The annual consumption of wheat, in London, may be averaged at 900,000 quarters, each containing 8 Winchester bushels; of porter and ale 2,000,000 barrels, each containing 36 gallons; spirits and compounds 11,000,000 gallons; wines 65,000 pipes; butter 21,000,000 pounds, and cheese 26,000,000 pounds. The quantity of coals consumed is about 1,200,000 chaldrons, of 36 bushels, or a ton and a half to each chaldron. About 11,000 cows are kept in the vicinity of the metropolis, for supplying the inhabitants with milk, and they are supposed to yield nearly 7,900,000 gals. every year; even this great quantity, however, is considerably increased by the dealers, who adulterate it, by at least one-fourth, with water, before they serve their customers. The Port as actually occupied by shipping extends from London bridge to near Deptford, a distance of at least four miles, and is from four to five hundred yards in average breadth. The average number of ships in the Thames and docks is 1,100, together with 3,000 barges employed in lading and unlading them; 2,288 small craft engaged in the inland trade; and 3,000 wherries for the accommodation of passengers; 1,200 revenue officers are constantly on duty in different parts of the river; 4,000 labourers are employed in lading and unlading; and 8,000 watermen navigate the wherries and craft.—*Partington's Nat. Views and Hist. of London.*

IMITATION.—As a proof of the power of unconscious imitation in children, it is mentioned that Mr. Wilderspin was obliged to dismiss a meritorious assistant, who had been a soldier, and had lost a part of one arm. At the words "clap hands," he used to clap one hand to the stump of the other; and each child unconsciously clapped one hand upon the elbow of the other arm, and acquired the habit of so doing. When, on examination, the author found this to be the case, he tried to correct the practice but in vain. The teacher had himself previously tried, for it greatly distressed him; but imitation was strong, and the power of speech on their infant minds small; and the habit could only be corrected by the dismissal of the unlucky veteran. Mr. Wilderspin further bears testimony to the fact that if the teacher limps, the whole school will limp, or if he squints, he turns out a little nation of squinters; facts which, while they show the necessity of having sound instructors, exhibit the secret of the efficacy of infant tuition.

A CIVIL GUEST!—The passionate love of good eating, and the brutal species of wit which distinguished *Quin*, a celebrated actor, furnished many anecdotes in his day. He was invited to dine with a duchess who delighted in the company of men of talent. To the surprise of Quin she helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch which stood before her. 'What! and does your grace eat no fat?' 'Not of venison, sir.' 'Never, my lady duchess?' 'Never, I assure you.' Too much affected to restrain his genuine sentiments, the epicure exclaimed, 'I love to dine with such fools!'—*Pen. Mag.*

Otter Hunting.—We abridge a sketch of this sport from a Scotch paper:—Mr Lomax's excellent pack is still busy, at least at intervals, thinning the otter tribe in various streams, affording amusement to the whole country side, and prompting to that vigorous exercise which gives to all the springs that minister to health a higher tone, and a freer play. The quantity of fish killed by otters is altogether incredible, and if the salmon &c., in the Nith, the Cairn, and the Cargen could speak, we are sure they would hold a congress in some convenient pool, and vote a congratulatory address to James Lomas, Esq., as a reformer, in as far as they are concerned, equal even to Earl Grey himself. On Tuesday the hounds cast off at Friar's Carse, speedily found, and had a beautiful chase beyond the waving woods of Blackwood, and amidst some of the finest scenery on the banks of the Nith. In more than one pool there was a noble tussel, and the otter proved so strong that he threatened to drown half the dogs in the pack. At one point the tug was terrible; such whooping and halloeing was never heard—the echoes of old Blackwood were frightened from their propriety, and just as the quarry after a protracted struggle, was beating a retreat he was caught by one of the gentlemen present, and safely landed on terra firma. The dogs were in such a rage that to bag him was impossible, and after a fearful worry the animal was killed. In length he measured four feet, and weighed very nearly 30 lbs. The whipper-in of the pack rubbed his hands, gazed with delight on the unwonted prize, and declared that after thirty years' experience he had never known an otter so heavy by six lbs. A similar opinion was expressed by the whole field, including a number of country gentlemen, and the skin has been sent to Convener Lookup, to be tanned and preserved as a curiosity.

On Friday the dogs had another field day—opening scene of action Irongray Kirk. At Speddoch they gave tongue, and had a warm trail; but in compliance with the wishes of some of the party, the dogs were called off, after which the party proceeded to Dalgoner Bridge. From this point they beat the Cairn in vain as far up as Dardarroch, returned to the Speddoch, immediately found, and between the stream and the mill-lade had lots of employment for the space of two hours. The four-footed fish-monger who was sadly beleagured, and in his extremity sought the land, strove to ensconce himself among some scroggy bushes, and in the end, shared the fate of all otters that get entangled in the toils of the redoubted Lomax pack.

HABITS OF ECONOMY.—"A slight knowledge of human nature will show," says Mr. Colquhoun, "that when a man gets on a little in the world he is desirous of getting on a little further." Such is the growth of provident habits, that it has been said, if a journeyman lays by the first five shillings his fortune is made. Mr. William Hall, who has bestowed great attention on the state of the labouring poor, declares he never knew an instance of one who had saved money coming to the parish. And he adds, moreover, "those individuals who save money are better workmen: if they do not the work better, they behave better, and are more respectable; and I would sooner have in my trade a hundred men who save money, than two hundred who would spend every shilling they got. In proportion as individuals save a little money their morals are much better; they husband that little, and there is a superior tone given to their morals, and they behave better for knowing they have a little stake in society." It is scarcely necessary to remark, that habits of thoughtfulness and frugality are at all times of immense importance.—*Wilderspin's Early Discipline.*

YOUNGER SONS.—It greatly moves our indignation to see the silly slang about 'younger sons,' in the so called fashionable novels, creeping into the ideas and conversation of society. Foolish persons, small imitators of the great, who talk thus of younger sons, ought to remember at least that in *their* circles there is very little difference between the elder and younger sons, and that in any circle the distinction is a very poor one, and may be reckoned on the fingers. A younger son may be a gentleman, and a man of honor, a man of talent, a man of honest purpose, of great energy—he may be of national use; but all this forsooth, is lost in some foolish term of 'a detrimental,' 'an obstacle,' &c, because he is not great in horse flesh, and runs small in hog's-flesh,—that is, in the height of his footmen; and lives in one street instead of another, and makes three windows let in as much as five. A man of honour, be he born first or second, enfolds within himself a whole volume of high qualities, not to be sneered at by boarding-school misses under the tuition of the circulating library. The law of primogeniture may be a bad one—we believe it is;

but it is not so bad as to deprive man of all his manliness. The poorest younger son is often, in the true scale of society, far higher than the mere representative of wealth: and amongst other mischiefs caused by what are called fashionable novels, may be reckoned that of decorating the low intrigues of a few wretched struggling mothers with the honours of celebrity, and the apparent sanction of genius.—*Lond. Spectator.*

Good Temper.—Mr. Abauzit, a citizen of Geneva, venerable for a long life, devoted to study and the practice of every virtue, had never, it is said, been put out of temper. Some persons applied to his maid-servant to ascertain if such were the fact. She had been thirty years in his service, and she declared, that during the whole of that period, she had never seen him give way to the slightest irritation. She was promised a sum of money if she could succeed in exciting him to anger. She consented to make the experiment, and knowing that he was particularly fond of sleeping comfortably, she omitted to make his bed. M. Abauzit perceived it, and the next morning mentioned it to her; she replied that she had forgotten it. He said nothing more on the subject; in the evening she left the bed in the same state, it was again mentioned the next day, to which she replied with a pretended excuse, worse than the former. The third time he said to her, "You have again left my bed unmade; I suppose you have made up your mind not to do it, as you consider it too much trouble; well, after all there is no great harm done, for I begin to get used to it." She threw herself at his feet and confessed the truth.

A Toast.—A London paper gives this as *a fact!* At a public dinner at the City of London Tavern, on the appointment of a new English Ambassador to Turkey, and at which the Turkish Ambassador was present, among the toasts which were given from the chair was, "Ottoman Porte and Turkish Ambassador," which was thus repeated in a Stentorian voice by the toast-master:—"A bottle of Port for the Turkish Ambassador."

March of Intellect.—A bookseller in Limerick thus announces a new publication:—"The Numbers, as published, can be had at ——, *on every Monday* in each week." This will remind the reader of the Irishman's promise to do a thing "*some* Sunday next week."—*Irish paper.*

Swearing.—Mike and Joe, who were brothers, and with their papa tilled a small sandy farm in the interior of New Jersey, were set to work ploughing a patch of corn on the sunny side of a bit of woods, upon one of the hottest days of the last July. It was the boys' first attempt at corn ploughing, and the *critter* was one of the most stubborn and obstinate animals alive, treading upon alternate hills and tearing up the others. One of the lads held the stilts, while the other drove; but the flies bit the beast, and the beast kicked at the boys, and rushed in among the corn, to the utter destruction of countless fine hills of the vegetable; but the boys tugged and sweated, and puffed and blowed, till at length, Joe screamed "Wo!" and, dashing his straw hat into the furrow, exclaimed with a look of distress, "Mike, lets go into the woods and swear!" "Well, *let's*," replied Mike, and having tied the *darn'd critter* to a stump, away they went to the woods, and sitting down upon the grass under an old oak, Joe broke silence: "Now swear, Mike." "No," says Mike, "Joe, you swear first." "Well, I swear, *by golly!*" "So do I," quickly added Mike, "I swear *by golly*, too!" "Now let's go back," says Joe, "an' try her again." And back they went, and a horse never went more gentle than did theirs for the rest of the day.—*Phil. Chron.*

Royal Occupations, present and past.—Tuesday, or any other day in the week, 1832: his majesty rose at eight—devoted the forenoon to occupation in his cabinet—took his usual airing with her majesty—on his return gave audiences to several individuals—dined with his family and six private friends—received a small party for music and cards—and at eleven retired to rest. Anno 1314 (old MS.) "Paid to Henry, the king's barber, for money which he *lent* to the king (Edward II.), to play at cross and pile (*heads and tails!*)—five shillings." "Item, paid to Peres Bernard, usher of the king's chamber, money he *lent* to the king, and which he *lost* at cross and pile, to Monsieur Robert Watervyle, *eight pence.*—*London Court Journal.*

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford, yesterday afternoon, about half past one o'clock. No form of words could express our deep and emphatic sense of the event we are called upon to announce—and we employ the simplest. It was the will of God that the spark of the Divine Essence should return whence it had emanated,—and a painful preparation had taught us all to acquiesce. We do not lament Sir Walter Scott's *decease*. The Great—the Good—the Gifted, is taken from us, only when it was no longer desirable that the ruined clayey tenement should imprison its immortal tenant. We forbear dwelling upon the few trifling details that have reached us.—The event itself comprehends all. Amidst the homage and regret of millions, He passes from our Earth who never had an enemy on its surface. No death that can befal, not in our country alone, but in the whole civilized world, could be so universally felt. Kings may bow their heads, and mighty men pass away unregarded, if not unnoticed; but the death of Sir Walter Scott comes strongly home to the sympathies of every human being that ever heard of his name, and understood but the least part of what that immortal name signified. Such are the claims and the triumphs of genius, when united as in his instance, with the finest spirit of humanity that ever attempered human clay, and made goodness visible. On the death of Sir Philip Sydney all England paid his memory the spontaneous homage of wearing mourning. A greater man has fallen in Scotland.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 29th, James Whaley, to Miss Eliza Tilton.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, by the Rev. Dr. Cox, R. K. Richards, Esq. of St. Louis, to Matilda, daughter of Gen. Anthony Lamb.

On the 31st, Benjamin F. Rogers, merchant, of Bridgehampton, L.I. to Miss Mary Gardiner.

On the 30th, Sampson Reece, to Miss Jane Morgan.

On the 28th, John S. Bloom, to Miss Dolly Smith, daughter of Col. John Rathbone, formerly of Boston.

On the 1st, Benjamin Bennett, to Miss Matilda Hardy, both of this city.

On the 29th, Charles Lowther, of the firm of Samuel B. Reeve & Co., to Miss Eliza, adopted daughter of Mr. J. Browne.

On the 29th, Col. E. C. March, of St. Louis, to Miss Augusta Antoinette, daughter of A. L. Underhill, Esq. of this city.

At Utica, Wm. H. Stoddard, of Northampton, Mass. to Miss Frances Irene, daughter of John Bradish, Esq. of the former place.

At Boston, George Higginson, of this city, to Mary C., daughter of Henry Lee, Esq.

At Flemington, La. James M. Cummings, Esq. formerly of this city, to Miss Eliza Erwin.

DIED,

In this city, on the 31st, Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Abraham Ackerman, aged 41.

On the 1st, Joseph Duvall, of the firm of W. & J. Duvall, 49 Maiden-lane.

On the 4th, Wm. F. Irving, son of John T. Irving, aged 24 years.

On the 1st, Major John Sprolls, aged 47.

On the 4th, Sarah Anne, second daughter of the late John Jones, Esq. aged 21.

On the 28th, Joseph Johnston, son of Jas. Johnston, of Waterloo, U.C. aged 21.

At Schaghticoke, Mrs. Mary Webster, relict of Samuel Webster, Esq.

At Troy, Wm. Pierce, Postmaster of that city.

At Hudson, James Gould, aged 33, late of the house of De Forest & Son, of this city.

At Baltimore, Rev. Joseph Stockton, of Pittsburg, aged 67 years.

In Michigan, Mrs. Amanda T. Newell, wife of Chauncey Newell, daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Stone, of Sodus, N.Y., and sister of one of the editors of the N. York Commercial Advertiser.

At Union, N. J., Mathias Burnett, aged 63, father of the publisher of the Paterson Intelligencer.

At Jacksonville, Illinois, John P. Harriman, formerly of Albany, aged 32.

At Mobile, Wm. Smith Richards, Esq. formerly of New Orleans.

At New Orleans, Stephen Tonbear, a native of Montreal, and George W. Fosdick, first officer of the Henry Kneeland, aged 24.

At Oahu, Sandwich Islands, in March last, Timothy Paman, of the firm of Paman, French & Co.

At sea, on board the Samuel Robertson, Peter Bus, formerly of London.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amariah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-eltm.

LAKE ONTARIO.—The splendid steamer *Great Britain* Capt. Joseph Whitney, propelled by two low pressure engines of 90 horse power each. The public are respectfully informed that the following arrangements have been made for the months of July, August, September and October. Will leave Prescott every Wednesday morning, viz: July 4, 11, 18, and 25; August 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29; September 5, 12, 19, and 26; October 3, 10, 17, 24, and 31—touching at Brockville, Kingston, Cobourg, Port Hope, York, and arrive at Niagara early on Friday morning. Will leave Niagara every Saturday afternoon viz: July 7, 14, 21, and 28; August 4, 11, 18, and 25; September 1, 8, 15, 22, and 29, October 6, 13, 20, and 27—calling at Kingston and Brockville, and arrive at Prescott on Sunday evening.

The Ladies and Gentlemen's Cabins on board the Great Britain are finished in the same manner as the New-York and Liverpool Packet Ships, with State Rooms; and no expense has been spared in finishing and furnishing the Boat in the most comfortable manner. Every endeavor will be used to accommodate passengers and ensure regularity.

Prescott (U.C.) July 11, 1832. e. i. s.

PASSAICK HOUSE, *Belleville, N. Jersey.*

D. ELLINGER, respectfully informs the public that she has opened as a hotel, that pleasantly situated house in Belleville, recently occupied by Mr. Isaac, where she will accommodate persons with board by the day, week or year, on moderate terms. She has stages running from her house to Newark continually through the day, where passengers can take the Newark steamboat for New York. june 6 ei.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

M'ELRATH & BANGS have in press, and will publish in the course of a few weeks, the following works:—

Harmoniac Cælestis, or Christian Melodies: with a variety of Miscellaneous Pieces, by a gentleman of the city of N. York, 1 vol. 12mo. The work will be published about the 20th of November. It will be printed on very fine paper, in a handsome large type, and neatly bound—forming a suitable volume for holiday presents.

The Cabinet of Curiosities, or Wonders of the World Displayed, forming a repository of whatever is remarkable in the regions of Nature and Art, Extraordinary Events, and Eccentric Biography. With numerous Engravings. In 4 vol. octavo.

"Nothing pleases but rare accidents."—*Shakspeare.*

Law's Address to the Clergy, with a short account of the Author. A new edition of this valuable little book, printed on fine paper, and neatly done up, will be published in a short time.

M'ELRATH & BANGS continue to publish the following valuable Works, which they supply in quantities to Booksellers on the most reasonable terms:—

Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, with a handsome portrait, 1 vol. 8vo. fifth edition, improved. "The life of one of the most illustrious patriots of the last century, written by one of the purest and most estimable citizens of the present, is a treasure for which our countrymen entertain a just pride."—*Alb. paper.*

Wood's Mosaic History, improved by Rev. J. P. Durbin, 1 vol. 8 vo.

Dr. Adam Clarke's Discourses, 3 vol. 8 vo.

Pollock's Course of Time, with Fisk's Notes, Analysis, Index, &c.

Burder's Village Sermons, complete in 1 vol. 8 vo.

Summerfield's Memoirs, by Holland.

Golden Treasury, by Bogatsky.

Bible Story Books, in 2 vols.

History of Sandford & Merton, by Thomas Day, Esq.

Library of Useful and General Knowledge, 5 vols. 18mo.

M'ELRATH & BANGS also continue to publish, and have constantly on hand, in quantities, the following popular and valuable School Books:—

Kirkham's Grammar of the English Language.

Introduction to American Popular Lessons.

Jacob's Greek Reader.

do Latin Reader.

Levizac's French Grammar. Playfair's Euclid.

Symbolical Primer, by E. Hazen. Upwards of 75,000 copies of this School Book have been sold within the last three years.

The Speller and Definer, by E. Hazen.

Hart's Geographical Exercises.

Orders from any part of the United States attended to promptly. The above Books are kept on sale by most of the Booksellers in the country.

Nov. 10. e. M'ELRATH & BANGS, 85 Chatham-street.

CLINTON LUNCH,

Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE Proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and are determined to persevere in the same straight-forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support which they have hitherto so liberally been favoured with. The undersigned being averse to all kinds of common place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved; and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have at a very considerable expense fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dinner Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on Thursday the 8th inst. the entrance to which is from No. 76 Liberty-st. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please, and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours, from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times. [nov10-e] GOOLD & ATKINS.

SYLVESTER'S, 130 Broadway, New-York.

MOST of the brilliant Capitals in the splendid schemes which have lately been drawn in the New York Lottery, have as usual been sold by the ever and *all lucky* Sylvester—who hopes to do even better (if possible) in the following schemes, which are next to be drawn:

Wednesday, Nov. 14, Class 41—*A Mammoth*—Capitals, $30,000, $10,000, $5,000, 20 of $1,000, &c. 1st drawn No. [illegible], 2d and 3d, $[illegible], 4th and 5th, $[illegible]—tickets, $10. A splendid opportunity for packages.

Wednesday, Nov. 21, Class 42—Prizes, $25,000, $10,000, $7,000, $5,000, 25 of $1,000, &c.—tickets, $10.

Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 40, Nos. 7—40—56—35—21—9—36—12—7—42—61.

Sylvester has a great variety of tickets—and begs to assure his distant patrons that all orders by Mail always meet the same attention as on personal application.

All orders must be addressed to S. J. Sylvester, 130 Broadway, N. Y.

ENTERTAINMENT ON SEA VOYAGES.—Persons about sailing for Europe or any distant ports, may be always supplied with files of English and other papers, and numbers of political and literary journals, in great variety, by application at the Ship Letter Office, 16 Merchants' Exchange, on moderate terms. Oct. 20.

INDIA RUBBER SHOES,

OF a superior quality and size, for sale, wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices, by N. P. GRAHAM, Jr. 58 Cedar, c. William st. jan.7.

DR. E. FRANCIS, DENTIST,

95 *CHATHAM-STREET, NEW YORK.*

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of the medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. Thomas White, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guaranteed.* JONATHAN DODGE, No. 5 Chambers-street, N.Y.

GAD ELY,

Has reopened his Writing Academy at 174 Broadway.

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DEALERS IN FINE FANCY GOODS

WHO DESIRE A

NEAT AND GOOD ARTICLE,

IN THIS LINE (WHICH IS ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST) FOR RETAILING, ARE INFORMED THAT THEY CAN ALWAYS PROCURE AT *THE OLD STAND*, A *CHOICE* SUPPLY OF

FINE POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, &c.

From the subscriber's GREAT ASSORTMENT of

170 KINDS.

Wholesale and retail—At the lowest possible market price—ranging according to quality, from 50 cents to 40 dollars per dozen.

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NEW YORK.